
THE
BASTILLE,

AS PERFORMED
SEVENTY-NINE NIGHTS SUCCESSIVELY
AT
THE ROYAL CIRCUS.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]





4 AP 54



HENRY DU-BOIS

The gallant Grenadier who first entered the breach made in the Bastille.

THE
BASTILLE:
A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
OF
ONE ACT:

As performed at the Royal Circus,

in Saint George's Fields.

WRITTEN BY JOHN DENT, *R*
Author of TOO CIVIL BY HALF, &c.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for W. LOWNDES, N^o 77, Fleet-street.

1790.

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BASTILLE

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

ONE ACT

As performed at the Royal Opera



WRITTEN BY JOHN BEND

Adapted by George F. Watts

THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON

Printed by W. G. Smith, 15, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4

1894

TO HIS MOST SERENE HIGHNESS,
THE DUKE OF ORLEANS,
&c. &c. &c.

WHEN it is considered that a dedication is for the purpose of praising some great and exalted character—for complimenting virtues that adorn the human heart—and recommending examples worthy the imitation of the world, it will not at all be wondered at, that I should have made choice of your Serene Highness on such an occasion, tho' I am by no means so arrogant as to suppose it in my power to add, even in the smallest degree, to the flowers of panegyric that have already so justly decorated your name.

There

There is a *peculiarity* too attending your Serene Highness that would render this a difficult task indeed. Had the encomiums showered on you been confined to your *own* country, I might possibly have been vain enough to have attempted it. But you are the common friend of all mankind, and are every where equally beloved and adored.

I shall, perhaps, nevertheless be excused in indulging a hope that the following sheets may be admitted as an humble passport to the honour of your notice, since it would be impossible in bringing forward a representation of the destruction of the Bastille, that horrid sepulchre of a people, not to recollect the illustrious personage that stands so pre-eminently distinguished as the natural enemy of slavery and oppression.

Nor

DEDICATION.

iii

Nor will the English nation, ever bound to your Serene Highness for your kindness towards it, be without your sincerest congratulation, that it is neither in the spirit nor genius of its constitution, ever to suffer so vile an engine of tyranny to disgrace either the freedom, or humanity, that has so long characterised it as the favourite isle of Heaven.

That you may ever live the pattern of every excellence, is the ardent wish of

Your most devoted, and

Most obedient,

Humble servant,

Nov. 31, 1789.

THE AUTHOR.

D E D I C A T I O N

Not will the English nation, ever bound
to your sacred Highness for your kindness
towards it, be without your favour con-
gratulation, that it is richer in the past
not gentle of its constitution, ever to this
for to which engine of tyranny to oppress
either the freedom of humanity, that has to
long chartered in the inviolable life of
Heaven.

That we may ever live the pattern of
every excellence, is the ardent wish of

Your most devoted, and

Most obedient,

Humble servant,

The Author

ADDRESS.

ALTHOUGH the author is well aware how cautious an individual ought to be in obtruding himself on the public, he certainly could not but consider himself as guilty of a most unpardonable offence, indeed, were he to omit this opportunity of expressing the deep sense he entertains of the very splendid, and uncommon encouragement, the Bastille has had the honor of receiving, and of returning his most sincere and humble thanks for the same.

Having thus yielded to the impulse of gratitude, his duty would lead him to forbear trespassing farther on the reader, did not a proper regard to the dictates of justice, as well as to the gratification of his own feelings, equally call upon him to own how much he has to acknowledge to Mr. Palmer on the occasion.

To those unacquainted with the difficulties in the way of it, the bringing forward such an entertainment, may not appear to have been an arduous undertaking, but that will not, perhaps, be the opinion, when the public are given to understand, what, indeed, is precisely the fact, that Mr. Palmer had to produce it without even so much as *one* individual *singer* or *actor*, except the lady who so universally pleased in the character of Matilda, and *Mr. Miell*, the gentleman who obtained so much credit for the very ex-

cellent manner in which he performed the part of Henry, the first fifty five nights of the run of the piece.

Such, however, were the exertions of Mr. Palmer, aided by the spirit of Mr. READ, who held the theatre under the proprietors, and the extraordinary and happy efforts of Mr. Capon, whose name will long be remembered for the design and execution of the scenery, that the Bastille was actually got up and represented *within seven days* after it had been first conceived, and determined on.

Nor were the circumstances stated, the only unfavourable ones that might be mentioned.

When Mr. Palmer first trod the boards of the Royal Circus——

Shipwreck'd and driven from his Eastern shore,

Another desert island to explore!

the theatre, entitled as it is to every success from the obvious eligibility of its situation, the striking elegance of its structure, and the well-known predilection of the public in its favour, was notwithstanding, verging fast towards a dissolution. Its spirits had been cruelly depressed by gross and repeated abuses in the management, by persons without either *judgment* or *principle*, and sunk into an *habitual supineness* by the weight and sense of its misfortunes, the other rival places of public entertainment were found to avail themselves accordingly, and to derive from the *negligence* of the Royal Circus, what their own DRUDGERY could never have procured them.

A little

A little experience, however, soon served to evince, that merit *only* was wanting to give the Royal Circus what it most undoubtedly ought to have—the *lead* of every other Summer theatre of a similar nature—and that *where ever* Mr. Palmer's fate might carry him, a *kind* and *generous* PUBLIC would be happy to follow, and to acknowledge his long experienced worth and talents.

The production of the Bastille, however, which stands so largely indebted to his active mind, and professional knowledge, will, at all times, deserve to be particularly noticed, it having enabled him to form a *new* and *grand* EPOCH in the history of the stage, since it never before could have existed but in the most romantic idea, that a mere *satellite*, or inferior *planet*, humbly moving on its own axis, like that of the Royal Circus, in its annual round, could possibly be made to excite the envy, dread, and opposition of the Theatres Royal, or that it ever would be thought to shine with such resplendent lustre, as to threaten to eclipse those great luminaries in the theatrical world; which, considering the prodigious sums of money they are constantly in the receipt of, and the vast resources they naturally possess, ought surely to triumph over the lesser bodies only by the superiority of their attractions.

This probably will not be thought too much in reason to expect, since Mr. Palmer has proved it possible to have represented at the Royal Circus, even limited and restricted as he was, an entertainment capable of bringing *crowded* and *brilliant* audiences for SEVENTY NINE NIGHTS *successfully*; nor can it fail to afford matter of very comfortable consideration,

sideration, indeed, to those whose interest it would have affected, that in producing the Bastille, that inimitable performer, so deservedly the favourite of the public, should have found himself compelled to confine it to the narrow compass of the stage allotted for the purpose, instead of bringing it forward, as he otherwise would have done, in a manner suited to the extent of his own ideas.

Nor can it be denied, but that under the management of one, who is found so eminently to unite the *man of business* with the *man of genius*, the Royal Circus may, on the return of summer, well expect to bloom anew, and to forget the sudden fall of its autumnal leaf, surrounded again by all that's gay and fashionable.

The moment is propitious to the event. The theatre is in the hands of gentlemen of *taste* and *spirit*, who need not wish any greater return for their liberality, than the success they will be found to deserve; or if the author should be thought to use too great a freedom in so immediately answering for them, he has, at least, this apology to offer—that there are none of their friends, nor any of their acquaintance, that would hesitate a moment in taking the same liberty with them.

T H E

THE
BASTILLE.

The Pont Neuf at Paris, with the Equestrian Statue
of Henry IV.

Trumpets sound, and Drums beat to Arms.

RECITATIVE.

MATILDA.

MAY gracious Heav'n aid great Freedom's cause,
And make us happy in our country's laws.

[Shouts heard]

That Patriot shout proclaims the public voice,
And Liberty shall make this day her choice ;
Despotic sway from hence for ever fled,
Happiness shall on all it's comforts spread.
Nor shall I less the gen'ral blessing share,
That bids me hope to hail a parent dear,
Long in the Bastille doom'd, thro' tyrant hate,
To pine a wretched pris'ner of the State !

A

To

THE BASTILLE.

To each enjoyment of this life unknown,
 Perhaps e'er now he gives his dying groan !
 Would my Henry were here to bring relief,
 And ease this bosom of its load of grief.

S O N G,

BY MATILDA.

When love has touch'd a maiden's heart,
 Each thought is of her absent swain,
 'Tis he alone can ease the smart,
 Or hope to soothe the pleasing pain—
 May Heaven then my Henry send,
 And to my arms in health restore,
 His country and Matilda's friend,
 And fondly bid me sigh no more !

RECITATIVE.

HENRY.

Who calls on Henry ?

MATILDA.

'Tis your faithful maid,

[They embrace]

Why have you so long from Matilda staid ?

HENRY.

In search of fame I had your leave to roam,
 'Till call'd by your advice to hasten home.

[Trumpets and Drums are heard]

But

THE BASTILLE.

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But why that warlike sound and din of arms?

MATILDA.

'Tis Freedom calls—

HENRY.

By Heaven my soul it charms!

MATILDA.

This day ten thousand volunteers are found,
Resolv'd to raze the Bastille to the ground.

[Shouts are heard]

HENRY.

Too long the glorious deed has been delay'd,
All pant to see it in its ashes laid.
Nor will I danger shun, but share his fate,
Or snatch your father from his captive state.
Doubly arm'd I'll head the corps of Grenadiers—
A parent soon shall wipe away those tears!

[Matilda weeps.]

MATILDA.

England you know it was that gave us birth,
Nor stranger are you to my father's worth;
For you alone in prison pent he pin'd,
And all his health and liberty resign'd,
Ere to your rival he would give my love.

A 2

HENRY.

THE BASTILLE.

HENRY.

Now nerve this arm all ye Powers above,
With ardour let the cause my breast inspire,
And place me, Heaven, in the thickest fire!

MATILDA.

Yet in your aim our freedom to restore,
My father in the rage may be no more!
Nor would your presence known fail to destroy
His every hope to taste the gen'ral joy.

HENRY.

Too well I know the cruel hate they bear,
But let not his danger create despair.
In the hour of trial Heaven never fails
To guard us 'gainst each evil that assails;
This instant then a letter from your hand
Shall give the Governor to understand,
That Matilda by all the powers above,
Agrees to wed the rival of my love.
Again liberty may your father own——
Mean while 'twere best I should remain unknown.
Chace then each sad despairing thought away,
Nor fear the glorious efforts of the day.

SONG.

THE BASTILLE.

5

SONG.

MATILDA.

For love and liberty adieu,

Let valor hence proclaim your name,
Your country's and Matilda's friend

Shall e'er with laurels crown your fame.
Hence then to aid great freedom's cause,
And join in arms your gallant friends ;
Think all your country's rights and laws
On Henry's bravery depends.

A VIEW OF THE COUNTRY.

Nymphs and Swains with Shepherds.

RECITATIVE.

SHEPHERD.

May all around our mirth and pleasure share,
And Hymen crown with bliss the happy pair.
Long has my daughter lov'd the steward's son,
And had his father's wish they should be one,
To church then let each nymph attend the bride,
And care and trouble hence be thrown aside.

Steward with Soldiers.

STEWARD.

[dance,

Hold nymphs and swains, give o'er your mirth and
On this day hangs the future fate of France !

To

To marry your daughter my son must wait,
 'Till peace and freedom hail again the state.
 Each one should have his country's good at heart,
 And bear in freedom's cause an equal part.
 Had I been young ere this I had been arm'd,
 By love of fame, and thirst of glory charm'd;
 This season too our crops have prov'd so bare,
 Heaven knows we but little need your care.
 No longer from your brave companions keep,
 But laurels in the field of honor reap.
 These gallant youths are come the way to show,

[*Points to the Soldiers*]

But first each cheering nymph before you go,
 Shall in your hats a lover's ribbon place,
 Which as you serve, you'll honor or disgrace.

S O N G,

BY STEWARD.

No more the harvest now invites,
 'Tis freedom calls away,
 All now should aid their country's rights,
 And hail the glorious day!

Success attend you from above,
 Let all around carefs,
 Each swain with liberty and love
 His nymph shall doubly bless!

COURT

THE BASTILLE. 7
COURT YARD, inside the BASTILLE.

Governor, Major, and Guards, meeting Officer.

Shouts are heard.

RECITATIVE.

GOVERNOR.

What means this wild disorder from without,
This tumult'ous noise, and rebellious shout,
That seems to bid defiance to our laws?

OFFICER.

The citizens arm'd in the public cause,
With daring threats assembled at the gate,
Pronounce the worst of deaths to be your fate,
Should you refuse, even within this hour,
To surrender the Bastille to their power.

GOVERNOR.

Hence then, and brave them on to the attack,
Our zeal shall quickly drive the traitors back!

OFFICER.

Yet, consider, how numerous and strong—

GOVERNOR.

No more—yet stay; to trust to force were wrong,
Policy should be call'd in aid, but first,

Of

Of those, that have the state with treason curst,
Who's he, that dares presume to lead the charge?

OFFICER.

Henry Du-Bois, determin'd to enlarge
Matilda's father from confinement here,
Conducts the rebels lost to ev'ry fear.

GOVERNOR.

'Tis well! warm'd by his love for the beauteous maid,
Hither let Matilda's father be convey'd,
He shall command this Henry to retire,
Or soon the wretch shall on the rack expire!
Let then each torture be brought in dread array,
By Heaven my will he must, and shall obey.

[Drum beats]

A flag of truce proceeds those martial sounds,
And rage and policy in turn confounds!

[Officer with a Flag of Truce.]

The purpose of your errand now make known.
Yet, remember a king we've on the throne,
To whom, by Heaven's right, it sure belongs
To judge of, and redress his country's wrongs.

OFFICER.

The Bastille, and all it contains, at your hand,
In the name of the people, I here demand.

GOVERNOR.

THE BASTILLE.

9

GOVERNOR.

For them my loyalty it shall give way,
 Let then the people know that I obey.
 Tell them duty leads, though to my disgrace,
 And let the citizens invest the place——
 The draw-bridge shall receive them, it were best,
 Let them possession take for all the rest.
 The white flag shall this instant be display'd
 In full confirmation of what I've said.

[Officer retires]

Now, my fellow soldiers, our time is come,

[To Major, &c.]

For a moment our loyalty was dumb—
 At this hour deceit stands us much in need.
 By our compliance from suspicion freed,
 The draw-bridge let down, they'll rush on their way,
 No danger fearing—now mark what I say !
 By Heaven ! not one lives to see the morn ;
 When they have entered the bridge shall be drawn,
 That instant let them all be put to death,
 Nor one to tell the glorious tale be left.

S O N G, *by* GOVERNOR.

Now with loyalty inspir'd,
 Let's the rebel force repel ;
 With rage let our souls be fir'd,
 Nor leave one our fame to tell.

B

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Now let death their coming wait,
 And hurl each one to his fate.
 Neither youth nor age we'll spare,
 Tho' their cries should rend the air.
 Let the loyalty we owe
 Hasten to repel the foe.
 May each wretch repent, tho' late,
 His treason against the state !

RECITATIVE.

MATILDA'S FATHER.

Once, again, the world my fond eyes invite,
 And, yet, I fear to scale the dang'rous height !
 So weak, my legs can ill support my frame ;
 Alas ! I've nothing left me but my name :
 So worn by grief, Matilda scarce cou'd trace
 Her long lost parent in my form or face.
 Oh ! with what extacy, with what new charms,
 Would ten years absence give her to these arms ?
 Let, then, this moment her father restore,
 Or fate prolong this ling'ring life no more.
 Now Heaven grant me power to descend,
 Make me happy, or here my mis'ry end !
 [*Matilda's father is preparing to make his Escape, when
 he is suddenly surprised, and seized by the guards.*]

A L L.

THE BASTILLE.

11

ALL.

Hence the traitor bear,
No excuse we'll hear.

MATILDA'S FATHER.

Thy power I defy,
I fear not to die!

ALL.

No mercy we'll show,
Hence to death you go!

A VIEW OF THE OUTSIDE OF THE
BASTILLE, AND DRAW-BRIDGE.

The Troops enter in military Order, and are drawn up before the Bastille, on which the white Flag is displayed; the Draw-bridge is then let down, and the Officer, sent to demand the Surrender of the Fortrefs, is seen to return over it in his Way back to the Citizens; a Party of Soldiers then immediately pass the Draw-bridge as agreed on for taking Possession, which having done, it is suddenly drawn up; the Report of Guns are then heard, with various Cries and Groans.

RECITATIVE.

HENRY.

What cries and groans are those? They're heard again!

[Cries and Groans again are heard]

By Heaven 'tis our brethren basely slain.

B 2

Again!

Again! those cries humanity alarms—
Now, my fellow foldiers let us to arms;

[Drums, &c.]

Let each Patriot to wreak his vengeance go,
And hurl destruction on the treach'rous foe:
Our cause, my friends, concerns the world at large;
Let us attack, and I will lead the charge.
A better service never could engage,
My soul is up in arms, and fill'd with rage.
Yet mercy should be us'd with justice through,
Our country's fate is all we have in view;
Let that be sav'd, our king may still be free,
When I forget my king, may God forget me!

[The Troops march off to attack the Fort]

The Bastille, defended by the Garrison, is then seen attacked, when Bombs are thrown into it for a considerable Time; a Breach then is made, and entered, Henry first mounting the same. After this the Scene changes to an inside View of the Bastille, when the Attack is re-commenced, and continued till Henry disarms his Rival, and throws him on his Knee.

Henry and Rival.

RECITATIVE.

HENRY.

You're my rival, and in this place of woe,
I meet you here a more than common foe.

Shew

Shew me straight where Matilda's father lies,
 Or this instant his vile oppressor dies:
 That done, much worse than death shall be your fate,
 Live loaded with the curse of public hate!

[The Rival conducts him accordingly]

*Governor, Major, Officers of the Police, and Matilda's
 Father, with various Instruments of Torture, &c.*

GOVERNOR.

This instant, let the rack, the harden'd wretch,
 His limbs asunder from each other stretch.

Your daughter's letter was but to impose,

[To Matilda's Father]

And death shall own thee as the worst of foes!

MATILDA'S FATHER.

Tyrant! to ask thee aught, is what I scorn,
 Tho' meanly, nor with worth, nor title born,
 I will not beg for life, however sweet—
 A soul that's free, is form'd its fate to meet!

GOVERNOR.

Let the torture dispatch the daring slave,
 And let him die the death he seems to brave.

*[The Officers prepare, when a
 Shout is heard without]*

Ha! what noise is that?

OFFICER

THE BASTILLE.

OFFICER (*in haste.*)

Sorry I am to speak,
The rebels have enter'd, and the Gov'nor seek !

GOVERNOR.

Yet this wretch shall not live to taste the joy.
[*To Matilda's Father*]

MATILDA'S FATHER.

My life, not these transports, you can destroy !
But for my country 'twas I wish'd to live,
That sav'd, ten thousand lives I'd freely give !

GOVERNOR.

This sword shall save the purpose of the rack !
[*Is going to strike at Matilda's Father, when
Henry appears, and Shouts are heard*]

Henry, and others.

HENRY.

Monster ! this arm shall drive the menace back !
[*Drives the Governor's Sword
from Matilda's Father*]

Nor stop till vengeance, indignant at thy birth,
Shall blot thee wholly from the face of earth !

GOVERNOR.

Zeal alone inspir'd,

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Ev'ry hope give o'er,
It is now too late,

GOVERNOR.

Life is all desir'd,

CHORUS.

Punishment is sure,
Instant death's your fate !

A PICTURESQUE VIEW of the INSIDE OF THE BASTILLE,

With the various Instruments of Torture.

A Man is discovered tied up by the Hands, together with the different Gratings laid over the several Dungeons in which the unhappy Prisoners are confined. Henry and others of the Military, and an Officer of the Bastille with a Book.

Several Miserable Objects are released, and taken from the Cells, and a Skeleton is brought to the Front of the Stage.

RECITATIVE.

HENRY.

Oh horror ! what's his crime—here let me see ;

[Takes the Book]

Only a lampoon on French ministry.

O !

O! Happy England, be thy courts rever'd,
 Where no man's punish'd till he first is heard:
 Where *Magna Charta* checks despotic fury,
 And every crime's determin'd by a jury.
 Such were the laws which God first taught to men,
 And such the laws which France shall have again.

*The Skeleton of a Man with the Face in an Iron Mask
 is then brought forward.*

HENRY.

And here's another victim—let me ask
 Who this can be thus in an iron mask?
 A mask contriv'd by such ingenious means,
 To put the very face of man in chains!
 No crime's alledg'd!—his lips with death are seal'd,
[Looks in the Book]
 And who he was can never be reveal'd.
 Down let us trample on these Hell-born laws,
[Tramples on the Book]
 And rise like England in great Freedom's cause.

A STREET.

Henry and Officers.

RECITATIVE.

HENRY.

Gracious Heaven at length its work has done,
 And denied those mercy who render'd none.

The

The Gov'nor, no more in despotic state,
Is doom'd to die, and marching to his fate.

[Drums are heard]

Hark! the muffled drum proclaims him on his way,
'Tis sad indeed, but justice claims the day.

*The Governor and Major are led to Execution, and on
the Way the Cross de St. Louis is forced from the Go-
vernor's Breast and given to Henry.*

THE PONT NEUF,

With the Equestrian statue of HENRY IV.

Henry and Matilda.

RECITATIVE.

HENRY.

O Matilda! what a bright day is this,
That gives a soldier's fame, a lover's bliss!

MATILDA.

But where's my father?

HENRY.

In safety he lies!
I held it best to prevent too much surprize
To warn you, ere you came to feast your fight,

C

MATILDA,

MATILDA.

How felt he his release?

HENRY.

lost in delight,

He ey'd me through, and when I just explain'd

How it was he had his freedom gain'd;

Quick of his children he express'd his fears,

And would have spoke but for his flood of tears!

But I must hence the Citizens to meet,

MATILDA.

Already I have heard your gallant feat,

That my Henry 'twas mounted first the breach,

Nor shall it fail in future times to teach

That all our acts of noblest enterprize

In virtue's cause, and not in greatness, lies!

HENRY.

But here your father comes his child to greet.

MATILDA.

'Tis bliss indeed a parent thus to meet!

[Embraces her father]

'Tis here, to my faithful Henry, you owe

Your blest release from misery and woe!

MATILDA'S

THE BASTILLE.

19

MATILDA'S FATHER.

First, let our fervent prayers be heard above,
Then, take from me the object of your love.
Oh, may you to each other be endear'd,
And teach me to forget the ills I've shar'd!

HENRY.

To meet my laurels I leave you awhile,

[To Matilda]

My happier fortune now begins to smile,
Oh, my country, who would a tyrant live,
Who knew the joy that Freedom's found to give!

S O N G,

BY MATILDA'S FATHER.

O! with love blest the youth that has the state fav'd,
Conducted by fate and by fame to its aid.
With joy meet the hero that kind Heav'n sends
To rescue from slav'ry his country and friends,
May justice with liberty all your days blest!
'Tis freedom and liberty gives happiness.

A VIEW of the ENTRANCE to the PLACE DE
DAUPHIN, near the PONT NEUF.

Guards, Militia, and Henry with a Crown of Laurels, wearing the Star and Ribband the Governor wore, and Nymphs strewing Flowers.

Trumpets heard to announce the Herald.

HERALD.

Hail, happy land, commanded by your king,
Joyful tidings to ev'ry ear I bring.
Your best of Sov'reigns whose love knows no pause,
Confirms your wishes in the public cause.

[Shouts, with Drums and Trumpets]

Accompanied with Music.

HENRY.

ELECTORS OF PARIS, CITIZENS, FRENCHMEN!
the glorious event is now arrived, when France quits
her chains, emerges from her darkness, and is warmed
to animation, by the bright beams of the *Sun of Liberty*. The moment is of vast import, the prize is
invaluable; for the noblest rights of mankind, and
the happiness of millions, must now or never be as-
serted and secured. If we succeed, future ages will
honor us as HEROES, shall worship us as DEI-
TIES, while our immediate and immense reward
is

is—the *salvation of our country*! O Godlike enthusiasm! the tear of joy bursts from my eyes; my full heart struggles with extacy, when I behold you all assembled in a cause worthy of yourselves—the CAUSE of FREEDOM! Then be strenuous, be united, be moderate—yet be unshaken!

With minds enlightened, and with hearts sincere, we have long groaned in bondage, and been treated with ignominy. Brave in character, generous in disposition, magnanimous in exertion, we have yet been SLAVES; but even then were PATRIOTS. Rejoice, ye men of virtue! ye men of honour! ye men of wisdom! The patriotism of France is no longer *prejudice*, it is now founded in reason, it is now fixed on truth. The abominable and inhuman engine of unrelenting despotism is destroyed—the Bastille is annihilated, and the wretch who governed it, and who was worthy of his trust, is now no more.

Yet let the remembrance of the tyranny of that state prison live for ever in your bosoms; recollect that its miserable victims were sacrificed, with a shameless secrecy, at the altar of private malice. Alas! yes; without justice, and without appeal, your fellow creatures, your countrymen, have languished away their lives in horrid dungeons, and through years of solitary sufferance have had no consolation but
from

from frenzy—no hope but death! I must pause; for the idea of such barbarity, and of such endurance, chokes my utterance, and overcomes me. O [may it also confirm you in your duty!

Advanced so far in the great work of national reformation, powerful and collected as we are, it behoves us to avoid licentiousness and disorder. The enemies of the people deserve punishment; but as MEN, they have a right to a fair trial.

The administration of the laws of England is the first boast of the inhabitants of that island.

O my dear countrymen, what a rapturous prospect now opens itself to our view—what a sight of glory and exultation! Twenty-four millions of inhabitants, in the finest and most fertile country in the world, regaining at once their natural rights, and starting into liberty.—unspeakable delight; we shall henceforth share the palm of glory, and the blessings of liberty with the immortal sons of freedom—Englishmen!

Low Music, Britannia descends, seated in her Triumphant Carr, supporting two grand transparent Portraits of the King and Queen of Great Britain.

BRITANNIA.

Amidst the thousand joys that inward glow,
Your Freedom to yourselves and me you owe.

From

From Britannia you caught the Patriot flame,
 On Britain's plan then build your future fame.
 Let liberty and reason rule each part,
 And form the Magna Charta of the heart.
 Nor had your city e'er with blood been stain'd,
 Had Virtues like our George and Charlotte's reign'd,

S O N G,

BY BRITANNIA.

Come ever smiling liberty,
 And with thee bring thy jocund train ;
 For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
 With whom eternal pleasures reign.

The Statue of Liberty trampling on the Figure of Despotism is seen to ascend.

S O N G,

BY OFFICER.

May justice ev'ry heart entwine,
 For ever sacred be her fame;
 May truth and reason hence combine,
 And spread around the Gallic name.
 Still ev'ry praise our king we'll give,
 The kindest father of our laws ;
 E'er blest and happy may he live,
 And long applaud great Freedom's cause.

CHORUS.

THE BASTILLE.

CHORUS

Hail! Britannia, 'tis to thee,

We owe our liberty;

Ev'ry clime, and ev'ry zone

Ever must thy impulse own.

May you ever hold controul;

And bless us from pole to pole.

BY BRITANNIA.

Come over, O Britain,

And with thee bring thy power;

For thee we fight, and for thee

We shall our lives and souls give o'er.

F I N I S.

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S O N G.

BY OFFICER.

May Justice ev'ry heart convince,

For ever sacred be her name;

May truth and reason hence combine,

And spread around the Gallic name.

Still ev'ry patriot our King will give

The kindest father of our laws;

That bliss and happy may be his

And long applying great Freedom's laws.

CHORUS